

THOMAS Lord PRIDE.

Taken in Short-hand by T. S. late Clerk to his Lordship's Brew-house.

My good Friends and Neighbours,

YOU are come (I thank you) to see me dye: and let me re-
quest you to take my last Breath. I'll no set Speech; the
long *Parliament* loaded you with those; (so many Speeches
as, if orderly burnt, would brew two hundred Quarters of
Malt;) So had late *speeching* fill'd this late *Highness* had not bad me *Vn-
house* them. I spake none, neither in the *Commons*, nor in the other *House*
and yet I must either now speak or else hereafter for ever hold my peace.
My Conscience, 'tis my Conscience speaks: And the first thing that is
upon my spirit is the *Killing of the Beares*, for which the people bait
me, and call me all the names in the *Rain-bow*. But did not *David*
kill a *Bear*? did not the *Lord Dugdale* kill a *Bear*? did not ano-
ther *Lord* of ours kill five *Beares* and five *Fiddlers*? may *Beares* oc-
kill'd in *Nottingham*, in *Leycester*, and not in *Surrey*? You know
I was high *Sheriff* of the County, and if I might not kill a few *Bears*
why was I made *Sheriff*? I thought it our interest to let nothing live
that would fight; and therefore we made an *Act* against *Cock matches*:
others have kill'd far greater things with lesse Commission. But per-
haps they'll say I strook at the *Prerogative*; for *Kings* and
Protectors have a Priviledge when they find a good *Mastive Dog*, to
clap their collar upon him and use him for the Game; and so if kill the
Beares, hang the *Dogs*, no *Bear* no *Dog*. But think you the *Preroga-
tive* would reach to *Beares* for that *Great Britain* were the *Isle of Dogs*?
are we, like *St. Malloves*, guarded by *Mastives*? the *French* have ever
made us their *Apes*, and must we follow their *Dogs* too? If an *English*
Mastive get whelps in *France* they all prove *Curres*; (I wish our *English*
Souldiers there may never turn *French*.) Can we forget that horrid *Ac-
cident* when *Major Generall Skippon* came in a *Horse-licter* wounded to
London? when he pass'd by the *Brew-house* near *S. Johns* street, a
Devillish Mastive flew (as at a *Bear*) at one of his *Hortes*, and held
him so fast by the *stones*, that the *Horse* grew mad as a *mad dogg*, the
Souldiers so amaz'd that none had the wit to shoot the *Mastive*, but the
Horse-licter born between two *Horses* toss'd the *Major Generall* like a
Dog in a *Blanket*. Thus your *Dogs* use *Horse* and *Man*: And for

Women, remember how *Swash* the abominable Mastive took a *dispensation* with an *Elder's* Maid. Nay, not a *Sow* in the streets by night, but the Watchmen's Dogs steal privately to her, which makes your *London* Piggs have such round heads: and when I my self had my first *Brew-house* (which was at *Pye corner*) I heard a Pig bark, where-by I knew 'twas a City Pig. Here's a sweet stir with Beares and Dogs, able to make a wise man mad: for first they pretend to preserve their *Dogs*, yet rayl at me for shooting the Beares that *kill* those *Dogs*; and then tax me for killing the Beares, yet set their *Dogs* to tear the Beares in pieces, Yes, and the Man that ow'd the Beares now sues me for destroying his Goods. but what the Devil are Beares good for? They brag of a *Weapon-salve* made forsooth of the fat of Beares killd in the Act of Generation, (though Beares never generate but by sight when none can know it:) my *Sword* hath made some *Wounds*, let them anoynt the blade of my *Sword* and try how many *Cavaliers* 'twill cure. The Devil has a hand or a foot in this *Salve* if it come from *Beares*: for, you know the Beast with seven heads and ten hornes had the *foot of a Beare*, whence people say *a Beare has the Devil's foot*: You think I meane the *Beare at the Bridgefoot* (for *God sends meat and the Devil sends COOKS*:) I mean a *Lamb of the Devil*, and is he fit to destroy the Devil? *George* was Sainted for killing a *Dragon*; (*Saints* of old like honest *George* us'd to kill *Beasts*, but now *Saints* commonly kill *men*;) the *Dragon* and *Bear* are Pictures of the same; for the *Devil* hath divers Sutes to put on; he wears not onely the *Beast* (a *red Dragon*, an *Otter*, a *Bear*) but a very *Man*, a *Woman*, in *Silks*, in *Buff*, in a long *Mourning Cloak* (to hide his cloven-foot) and too often a *Saint* or *Angel* of new *light*; yet then so like as one Devil to another. An *Author* of Ours said the Beast's *ten hornes* are the *Kings of Europe*; which may bee the reason why the *Members* that voted against a *King* were so hot for *Decimation*: those *Members* were not the *major part*, but the *Major Generall part*: I confess that *Author* wrote after the *King* was beheaded, when our *Liberties* stood committed to severall *Keepers*. And yet I would know that *Member's* name that would not be a *King*: every creature (above and below) hath a *Monarch* in his belly: the *Devil* would fain have bin *King of Heaven*, and *Adam* scorn'd to be *King of the Earth*, and each of his sonnes would be *King of all the rest*. And (to speak my Conscience) if the *State* should vouchsafe to name me *King*, I think I should not question the *Election*; no, though it were (as I hear the *Persians* once chose a

King) *by the neighing of a horse*. But he that hath Horse may soon be a King; and therefore I love to save my Horse; but why with a vengeance should we save Beares that feed upon Horse-flesh? My Phyician say's that an old fellow one *Pliny* told him, that a piece of Beares flesh will grow bigger by boyling; which shewes the Devil and his Damme is in Beares; for all things else will boyl away to nothing: had all my Beer had a good sound boyling, I had not dyed worth a pound of Hopps. Are these your *Beasts of the Game*? I profess I hate Gaming, there's an Act against it, though some of our own play deep as any, and the Gamblers made Dice of some of Their bones who made that Act; (O who can tell how a man is us'd when once he comes to be a dry bone!) Something there is that Dice run now more false then ever, that so many new curses follow those Bones. Perhaps the Beares come not within the Ring of this Act against Gaming, yet both Dog and Bear are within the lists of the Act against Duells; and though they are out of the Act of Oblivion, yet some new Justices brought them within the Act for Marriages. 'Tis confess'd they fight, but not for us; they are no part of the militia, and never paid so much as *Pole money*: they never with Lions were admitted into the Tower, nor shew'd at *Westminster* among the *fineSights*; nor ever reckon'd among the *Crown Jewels*. There were Propositions for bringing in Plate, money, and Horse, but not for Beares. And yet now must England turn *Greenland*? the War has made it *Red Land*, and Funerals make it *black Land*, & our Ministers make it *blew Land*. But if I never answer for killing any thing but Beares I shall do well enough: Were I arraign'd, it could not be *Murder*, but *Bear-slaughter*: nay I killd them in my own defence, for they would have killd mee; which is more then can be said for putting many a thousand to death. O but they say I killd them not fairly, but shot them dead in cold blood? And am I the first that did so? have wee not done it over and over? I killd them as wee killd *Lucas* and *Lisle*, two as brave men as the King had any: what? would they have mee baye them to death? do I look like a *Bear-ward*? or should I knock them in the head like an Ox? there is a *Major General* can do that better then I. I remember one (now a great Lord) who speaking against *Strafford*, said, *Beasts of Prey ought to have no Law*: shall wee grant that to Beares which wee deny'd to *Strafford*? A Cavalier told mee that this was but a Quibble upon the word *Law*, for there is (said hee) no *Law* for *Beasts*, but that a man may kill them for his use, and the more sudden and less payn the better, and if a Hare or Stag have *Law*, that is, liberty to run, 'tis not for their but for our sakes, to prolong our sport in their destru-

tion. However that Quibble was seasonable then, and did our wor upon *Strafford* and *Canterbury*. But mark how both sides plead for mee; the one say's, *Beasts of Prey must have no Law*; the other say's *There is no Law for Beasts*: so both say 'tis lawfull for mee to kill the *Beares*. No matter how; hang them, shoot them, chop of their heads, send them to *Jamaica*; any way is best. For can there be Beasts more *Malignant* then *Beares*? I look'd but in my Almanack, and there I found two *Doggs* and two *Bears* among the *Starrs*; and those I dare say are *Malignant Starrs*; for within two lines the *great Beare* is call'd *Charles-Wayn*. By this you'l imagine *Malignants* are in *Heaven*; but wee and they shall scarce meet in one place: for els t'were madnes in us to kill them, because thereby wee send them to bee happy. But They as well as Wee would fain live; and would have good Estates as they had before, and as Wee have now: 'tis in our Power whether They shall live but not whether wee our selves shall dye; for though our *Army* bee as strong to day as yesterday, yet our own Bodies draw nearer Death. Behold it in mee: and remember *Naseby*, which made us what wee are; how the *King's* best men, when the Victory was *Theirs*, took a bottomless fancy of running all away, having done the like before at *Marston moore*. I have known six thousand (and no *Cowards* neither) fly all like *Bedlems* when no enemy was within seaventeen miles, and if they were all examin'd upon Oath they could not tell why. And they say that one poor wooden Horse at *Troy* did more then all our Army in the *Indies*. 'Tis certain no *Woman* is so fickle as an *Army*. I speake not for my self; for 'tis well known I have done my part; sure I have killd better things than *Beares*; and killd them as men should bee killd, cyther in the field or in a *High Court of Justice*: the best *Cavalier* among them all (the *King* himself) I Judg'd to the *Block*; my Lord *Hewson* is my witness, for hee fate next to mee. Perhaps they think my Lord *Hewson* and I not fit to bee *Judges* because of our Trades; but let them shew mee one Text of Scripture where *Brewers* and *Shoomakers* are forbidden to bee *Judges*. I confesse in *Juries* of Life and Death wee except against a *Butcher* as blooded in slaying of sheep and Calves; but if hee onely kill *Beares* and *Men* hee may bee either a *Juror* or a *Judge*. I knew a *Judge* did use to mend *Stockings*; (I spare his name because hee did a Business for mee) and 'tis as lawfull to mend *Shooes* as *Stocking*, and if a *Judge* may bee a *Cobler*, a *Cobler* may bee a *Judge*. As for mee, 'tis true I have born a *Sling*; which made a *Knave* call me *Sr Thomas Slingsby*; but I made the *Slingsbies* shorter for it by one, and that one shorter by the Head; and had done as much for young *Mardant*, but that (having drank *White-wine*

that morning) I stept forth to the Wall, and before I could return, *Mordant* was quit. Thus the Life of Man is but a pissing while. But what if I have born a *Sling*? did not *David* so too? the difference is, Hee laid by his *Sword* and took up a *Sling*, and I layd by my *Sling* and took up a *Sword*. Kings, Lords and Gentlemen take mony for their Land; others sow it and sell the Corn to us; wee advance it to good Beer and Ale, and then sell the Drink to those Kings; Lords and Gentlemen; and thus the Cup goes round. *They* sell for mony, and *Wee* sell for mony; and if a *Shilling* had a *Tongue* as well as a *Face*, it would say, *Sir, I am but twelve pence whether you meet mee in the Brewhouse or in the Exchequer.* 'Tis true, there are divers sorts of *Shillings*: some are *Brass*; impudent Rogues, who when discovered are nay'd to a Post: some are *Lead*, heavy dull Beasts that will not goe: others are right Metall but *clipt*, poor *decimated* things that would goe and cannot. But *Brass* is *Brass*, and *Silver* is *Silver* at *Court* and at *Pye-corner*. I was as warm in my *Leather Jacket* as in my *Scarlet Cloak*. 'Tis strange what an eye-sore that *Cloak* was to some, as if the Garment it self could sin: indeed wee had a man that us'd to hang his Cloke in my Brew-house (as Country folk hang *Wooll* over pales of Water to make it *weight*;) and so though not Hee, yet his *Cloak* was a Drunkard. But *Cloake* or *Jacket* I was the same man: I never deny'd, but still kept my Trade, (and if others had done so, a hundred thousand Lives had bin sav'd) at last I got to be *Brewer* to the *Navy*; and if each man had drank like the Whale at *Greenwich* I could have fill'd them all: for I had three Brew-houses, one at *London*, another at *Kingston*, and a third at *Edenburgh*. And why not I have three *Brew-houses* as well as *Assembly-men* three *Benefices*? they were my *Livelihood* as theirs were their *Livinges*. One of those fellows at *Margarets Westminster* (who had four *Preferments* given him by the *State*) would needs teach us how to live by a Word: *You'll ask* (said he) *what Word is that? 'tis Faith, get Faith and I'll undertake you may live Gentleman like:* but that Rascall brake his own word with me, and dyed Twelve pound in my debt. I grant he was first that told me my Surname came from a King of *Rome*, call'd (as I remember) *Turkquinius Suparbus*: there were seven of those Kings, but they are long since dead, and thence men call me one of the seven deadly sinners, they may as well call me one of the seven Wisemen, or one of the seven ~~Things~~ or seven Wonders of the World. But if we credit such as Hee, 'tis a very hard thing not to be a King. They'll prove (if you'll pay them) that *Rhomus* and *Remus* that founded *Rome* were of *English* extraction; (I know not whether we had the same Mother, but 'tis said many of us had the same Nurse.) But I never

car'd three pence for their Praise; therefore I pray ye vex not my *Corps* with a huge *Monument*, which cannot protect it self, nor me; and many a man's Bones had slept in quiet if his prating *Tomb* had not told where he lay. And trouble not my Ghost with any of their *Elegies*, *Latin* or *English*; they make a man but laught at, and are not worth a handfull of *Graines*. I do not mean *Mr George Withers*, for He got the *Staute-Office* by Riming: he hath now sold that *Office*, but when will he sell his *Verles*? a *Staute* lyes upon them so as no body will buy them. 'Tis not a Month since one of the *State's* Poets brought me an *Anagram* for me and my Wife: but I hear those *Anagrammers* should be all fetcht into a Court of *Wards*, for although they have not Wit enough for *Lunatics*, they are dull enough for *Idiots*. But now they'll all at me: what a heap of paltry *Quibbles* and *Clenches* will they throw upon me? you'll hear them cry, *Now Pride hath a fall, --- Now there are but six deadly sinnes. --- O, Sir, are you there with your Beares?* They but saw me stand, holding my Crab-tree cudgell upright, and they cry'd, *Lo, there's the Bear and the ragged staff!* How have they dragg'd my poor Name, & set me back from P to B, to make me born in *Bride's* Church Porch? 'tis false and Non-sence to call me *BRIDE*, though my Wife was so when I led her to Church. I know they'll tell you of my Letter to a Friend, where (instead of my best Beer) I wrote that I had sent my best Bear. But all Letters & Books are false; there's none of them honest except the Bible. I have an *Abridgement* of an *English Chronicle*, which drowns the Duke of *Clarence* in a *Rundlet* of *Malmsey* (the Duke might as soon be drown'd in a *Thimble*;) but perhaps 'tis a whole *Tonn* in the *Chronicle*; for my book is but a *Pitome*. Hang Names and Words; *Greek* and *Latin* will not make an honest man; and a man may speak Truth without true spelling. I remember when I dined with the *Florida* Ambassadour at Alderman *Nomel's*, where we had *Florence* wines, I told the Alderman that when that Ambassadour got home to his Countrey he might send us more of that *Florida wine*: They all smil'd; but whar car'd I? 'twere not two pence to me if *Florida* were in *Italy*, and *Florence* in the *Indies*: they should remember I was a *Brewer*, not a *Vintner*. But I am posting thither where there are no *Quibbles*; though I fear (in the weak condition I am now) I my self have bin forc'd upon many: for *Dying* men talk idly; and he that is sick and talks much, can hardly escape from *Quibbles* or *Non-sence*. And I hope you'll pardon my baiting your Patience so long with the *Beares*: consider it was the great Action of my Life, and the onely thing (in the opinion of many) that would lye upon my Conscience. I confesse I thought the Lease of my

Life had not bin expir'd ; there is Breath enough in the world, but I must have no more of it. For Death, Death is the grand *Malignant* ; and a *Malignant Fever* is his *Lieutenant Generall*, and (which is worse) this *New Disease* is his *Major General*, a Disease which sweeps through all Counties of *England*. And though the Weekly *Bills of Mortality* know not us who dy in the Countrey ; yet tis my comfort I dye here in my own House at *Non-such*. 'Twas the *Kings* House, and Queen *Elizabeth* lov'd this above all her Houses and some say my wife looks like that Queen, though the old Earl of *Manchester* was said to look like Her ; (That Queen might look like whom she pleased, for She by *Proclamation* forbade any to draw her *PiEture* ;) but I would not have my Wife like both *Her* and *Him*, and so make her a '*Maphrodite*. She hath brought me divers Sons ; and I leave them good Estates : (I hope I do) and would gladly leave a good name to keep them company. The very *Malignants* say my Sons are civil persons : But should I live a thousand yeares they would not say so of me : I think 'twould not trouble them to see me renew acquaintance with my *Sling*. But how many know yee, that (raised like me to Power and Command) have willingly returned to the place from whence they came ? They talk indeed of a *Roman* Generall who came from the Plough (*Dick Tator* I think they call him) who having beat the Enemy went home to the Countrey, rich and renowned for a very wise man. And they say if that pittifull pilchard *Massanello* (who had a hundred thousand at his pleasure) had left his command, hee had not been rewarded with a mulquet bullet, but had been honoured with a statue of Gold. 'Tis true the Queen of *Sweden*, though born a *Kings* Daughter, resign'd her *Crown*, and vows shee never lived happy til now. But her *Successor* love's *Kingdoms* better then so, and will onely have as many as hee can get. Hee soon swallow'd *Poland*, and as soon disgorged it : and is now in *Danemark*, holding two Forts (with two hard names) which stand like our *Graves-end* and *Tilbury* : and had he strength to take Ours too ; I think in my Conscience hee would make us all *Danes*. Hee has many Designs : but all my Design is onely to save my *Estate* and my *Soul*. Indeed heretofore I had some little Plotts, but they did not all take : I thought to make the same Horses serve both for my *Coach* and *Dray*, but I found my *Dray-horses* were too high shod, and I might as well have Harness'd the *Beares*. And yet I know what belongs to *Horses* : for I was the first brought *Horses* into *Paul's* : and those *Horses* brought Saddles, for a *sadler* hath set up another *Exchange* there. I was told *Epsom* water might do mee good, but I durst not take it, having ui'd the *Vicar* so very severely, lest that *Parish Priest* should unhalow the *Well* : and (to say truth) from my *Tough*

I never used to drink Water. My *Youth* minds mee of the late Earle of *Pembroke*: for when hee lay dying (as I do now) I went to visit him, and when they told him Colonel *Pride* was there (for then I was but Colonel) *who? who* (said hee) *Pride? oh, a precious Youth!* But what had hee to do with my *Youth*? had I such strength and health as in my *Youth*, I would not change with any Lord in *England*. I now die a Lord, and had I liv'd as long as that Earle I might have been an Earle as well as hee. And I die first of all the new Lords, whereby you'll see whether our *Sonns* succeed us in the *Peerage*. I would have no *Barons Warr*: though I fear a world of Doubts will be rais'd about the *Other House*. They'll put it to the question Whether our *House* bee within the *Act* against new *Buildings*? and (if within the *Act*) Whether as built upon a new *foundation*, or because 'tis a *Cottage*? Then (after the *Foundation*) have at the *Roof*: Whether it be *Tyled* or *Thatched*, (I do not mean by *Wat Tyler* or *Jack-Straw*;) Whether it bee the *Vpper House* or a *Garret*, where old *Shoes*, old *Casks*, & such *Lumber* is plac'd? Whether this *High Court* bee a *Court of Warr*, where none sit but *Officers*? with a hundred such questions too many for a *Dying* man to remember. And truly I my self have been much puzzled with this *Other House*: for the *Commons* is one *House* & ours is the other: & ours is one House & the *Commons* is the other; & who can distinguish the other from the other? If I send my man to my *Brewhouse*, hee'll ask if I mean to *London*? No (say I) but to my other *House*, then goes he to *Kingston*: when he returns I send him to my other *House*, then goes hee to *London*: and when hee comes back I bid him not go to *Kingston* or *London*, but to the other *House*, and then must hee march to *Edenburgh*. Thus a man must run through two Nations ere hee can finde this other *House*: for this is the other, and that is the other, and all are the other *House*: though sure our *House of Peers* is such as there cannot be such an other *House*. I hope 'tis no offence in mee to compare the *House of Lords* to a *Brewhouse*: for I am of both *Houses*: I know how men are at work in both, & what great Heats are often in both, & how in both they all work for one man, yet every man for himself: with twenty more things wherein the two *Houses* agree. The difference is, that wee took the *Engagement* against a *House of Lords*, but not against a *Brew-house*. But that was meant of the old *House of Peers*, not the new: and a new *House* is worth two old ones, for the *State* hath a whole years *Rent* of a new *House* if it stand within ten miles of *London*. But alas (my good *Friends*) I am now going to the *Lower House*, whither we all must go sooner or later: and the best & greatest Lord of us all had rather go to the other *House* than to the other *World*: for no *Brew-house* is there, but a great hot *Oven* that will never be cold. Therefore take heed, for as we *Brew*, so must we *Bake*.

The last WORDS

OF

THOMAS Lord PRIDE,

Taken in Short-hand by T. S. late Clerk to his Lordship's Brew-house.

My good Friends and Neighbours,

YOU are come (I thank you) to see me dye: and let me request you to take my last Breath. I'll no let Speech; the long Parliament loaded you with those; (so many Speeches as, if orderly burnt, would brew two hundred Quarters of Malt;) &c had late speaking (till, if his late Highness had not badged his house them. I spake none, neither in the Commons, nor in the other House; and yet I must either now speak or else hereafter for ever hold my peace. My Conscience, 'tis my Conscience speaks: And the first thing that is upon my spirit is the Killing of the Beares, for which the people bair me; and call me all the names in the Rain-bow. But did not David kill a Bear? did not the Lord Deputy *Ireton* kill a Bear? did not another Lord of ours kill five Beares, and five Fighlers? may Beares be killed in *Northampton*, in *Leicester*, and not in *Surrey*? You know I was high Sheriff of the County, and if I might not kill a few Beares why was I made Sheriff? I thought it our interest to let nothing live that would fight; and therefore we made an *Act* against *Cock-machery*; others have kill'd far greater things with lesse Commission. But perhaps they'll say I strook at the *Prerogative*; for *Kings* and *Præditors* have a Priviledge when they find a good Mastive Dog, to clasp their collar upon him and use him for the Game; and so to kill the Beares; hang the Dogs, no Bear no Dog. But think you the *Prerogative* would reach to Beares? or that *Great Britain* were the *Isle of Dogs*? are we, like *St. Mallomes*, guarded by Mastives? the *French* have ever made us their *Apes*, and must we follow their *Doggs* too? If an *English* Mastive get whelps in *France* they all prove *Curres*; (I wish our *English* Souldiers there may never turn *French*.) Can we forget that horrid Accident when Major Generall *Skeppon* came in a Horse-lister wounded to *London*? when he pass'd by the Brew-house near *S. Johns* street, a Devilish Mastive flew (as at a Bear) at one of his Horses, and held him to fast by the stones, that the Horse grew mad as a mad dogg, the Souldiers so amaz'd that none had the wit to shoot the Mastive, but the Horse-lister born between two Horses tols'd the Major Generall like a Dog in a Blanker. Thus your Dogs use Horse and Man: And for Women,

Women, remember now *Swash* the abominable Mistrive took a *dispen-
sation* with an *Elder's* Maid. Nay, nor a *Sow* in the streets by night, but
the Watchmen's Dogs steal privately to her, which makes your *Lon-
don* Piggs have such round heads: and when I my self had my first
Brew-house (which was at *Pyg-corner*) I heard a Pig bark, where-
by I knew 'twas a City Pig. Here's a sweet star with Beares and Dogs,
able to make a wife man mad: for first they pretend to preserve their
Dogs, yet rayl at me for shooting the Beares that kill those Dogs; and
then tax me for killing the Beares, yet set their Dogs to tear the
Beares in pieces. Yes, and the Man that ow'd the Beares now
sues me for destroying his Goods. but what the Devil are
Beares good for? They brag of a *Weapon-salve* made forsooth of
the fat of Beares kild in the Act of Generation, (though Beares
never generate but by night when none can know it;) my Sword
hath made some Wounds, let them anoynt the blade of my Sword
and try how many Cavaliers 'twill cure. The Devil has a hand on
a foot in this *Salve* if it come from Beares: for, you know the Beast
with seven heads and ten hornes had the foot of a Beare, whence peo-
ple say a Beare has the Devil's foot: You think I meane the Beare at
the Bridgefoot (for God sends meat and the Devil sends COOKS;) I
mean a Limb of the Devil, and is it a sin to destroy the Devil? George
was Sainted for killing a Dragon; (Saints of old like honest George
us'd to kill Beasts, but now Saints commonly kill men;) the Dra-
gon and Bear are Pictures of the same; for the Devil hath divers Sutes
to put on; he wears not onely the Beast (a red Dragon, an Otter, a
Bear) but a very Man, a Woman, in Silks, in Buff, in a long Mourn-
ing Cloak (to hide his cloven foot) and too often a Saint or Angel
of new light; yet then so like as one Devil to another. An Au-
thor of Ours said the Beast's ten hornes are the Kings of Europe;
which may be the reason why the Members that voted against
a King were so hot for Decimation: those Members were not the
major part, but the Major Generall part: I confess that *Aulbor*
wrote after the King was beheaded, when our Liberties stood commi-
tted to severall Keepers. And yet I would know that Member's name
that would not be a King: every creature (above and below) hath a
Monarch in his belly: the Devil would fain have bin King of Heaven,
and Adam scorn'd to be King of the Earth, and each of his sonnes
would be King of all the rest. And (to speak my Conscience) if the
State should vouchsafe to name me King, I think I should not question
the Election; no, though it were (as I hear the Persians once chose a
King)

King) by the neighing of a horse. But he that hath *Huckle* may soon be a King; and therefore I love to save my *Huckle*; but why with a vengeance should we save *Bears* that feed upon *Horse-flesh*? My Physician say, that an old fellow one *Pliny* told him, that a piece of *Bears-flesh* will grow bigger by boiling; which shewes the Devil and his Danime is in *Bears*; for all things else will boyl away to nothing: had all my *Beer* had a good sound boiling, I had not dyed worth a pound of Hopps. Are these your *Beasts of the Game*? I profess I hate *Gaming*, there's an *Act* against it, though some of our on a play deep as any, and the Gamblers made Dice of some of their bones who made that *Act*: (O who can tell how a man is us'd when once he comes to be a dry bone!) Something there is that Dice run now more false then ever, that so many new curses follow those Bones. Perhaps the *Bears* come not within the Ring of this *Act* against *Gaming*, yet both Dog and Bear are within the lists of the *Act* against *Duells*; and though they are out of the *Act* of *Oblivion*, yet some new *Justices* brought them within the *Act* for *Marriages*. 'Tis confess'd they fight, but not for us; they are no part of the *militia*, and never paid so much as *Pole money*: they never with *Lions* were admitted into the *Tower*, nor shew'd at *Westminster* among the *fine Sights*; nor ever reckon'd among the *Crown Jewels*. There were *Propositions* for bringing in *Plate, money, and Horse*, but not for *Bears*. And yet now must *England* turn *Greenland*? the War has made it *Red Land*, and Funerals make it *black Land*: & our *Ministers* make it *blew Land*. But if I never answer for killing any thing but *Bears* I shall do well enough: Were I arraign'd, it could not be *Murther*, but *Bear-slaughter*: nay I killd them in my own defence, for they would have killd mee; which is more then can be said for putting many a thousand to death. O but they say I killd them not fairly, but shot them dead in cold blood? And am I the first that did so? have wee not done it over and over? I killd them as wee killd *Lucas* and *Lisle*, two as brave men as the King had any: what? would they have mee baye them to death? do I look like a *Bear-ward*? or should I knock them in the head like an *Oxe*? there is a *Major Generall* can do that better then I. I remember one (now a great Lord) who speaking against *Strafford*, said, *Beasts of Prey ought to have no Law*: shall wee grant that to *Bears* which wee deny'd to *Strafford*? A Cavalier told mee that this was but a Quibble upon the word *Law*, for there is (said hee) no *Law* for *Beasts*, but that a man may kill them for his use, and the more sudden and lets payn the better, and if a Hare or Stag have *Law*, that is, liberty to run, 'tis not for their but for our sakes, to prolong our sport in their destruction.

ction. However that Quibble was seasonable then, and did our wor-
 upon *Strafford* and *Canterbury*. But mark how both sides plead fo
 mee; the one say's, *Beasts of Prey must have no Law*; the other say's
There is no Law for Beasts: so both say 'tis lawfull for mee to kill
 the *Beares*. No matter how; hang them, shoot them, chop of their
 heads, send them to *Jamaica*, any way is best. For can there be *Beasts*
 more *Malignant* then *Beares*? I look'd but in my *Alimnack*, and there I
 found two *Doggs* and two *Beares*: among the *Starrs*; and those I dare say
 are *Malignant Starrs*; for within two lines the *great Beare* is call'd
Charles Wayn. By this, you'll imagine *Malignants* are in *Heaven*;
 but wee and they shall scarce meet in one place: for els t'were madnets
 in us to kill them, because thereby wee send them to bee happy. But
 They as well as Wee would faine live; and would have good Estates as
 they had before, and as Wee have now: 'tis in our Power whether They
 shall live but not whether wee our selves shall dye; for though our
Army be as strong to day as yesterday; yet our own Bodies draw
 nearer Death. Behold it in mee: and remember *Naseby*, which made
 us what wee are; how the *King's* best men, when the Victory was
 theirs, took a bottomless fancy of running all away, having done the
 like before at *Marston moore*. I have knowa six thousand (and no
 Cowards neither) fly all like Bedlems when no enemy was within
 seaventeen miles, and if they were all examin'd upon Oath they could
 not tell why. And they say that one poor wooden Horse at *Troy* did
 more then all our Army in the *Indies*. 'Tis certain no *Woman* is so sickle
 as an *Army*. I speake not for my self; for 'tis well known I have done
 my part; sure I have killd better things than *Beares*; and killd them as
 men should bee killd, eyther in the field or in a *High Court of Justice*:
 the best *Cavalier* among them all (the *King* himself) I Judg'd to the
Block; my Lord *Hewson* is my witness, for hee fate next to mee. Per-
 haps they think my Lord *Hewson* and I not fit to bee *Judges* because of
 our Trades; but let them shew mee one Text of Scripture where *Brew-
 ers* and *Shoomakers* are forbidden to bee *Judges*. I confesse in *Juries* of
Life and *Death* wee except agaiost a *Butcher* as blooded in slaying of
 sheep and Calves; but if hee onely kill *Beares* and *Men* hee may bee
 either a *Furor* or a *Judge*. I knew a *Judge* did use to mend *Stockings*;
 (I spare his name because hee did a *Business* for mee) and 'tis as law-
 full to mend *Shoes* as *Stockings*, and if a *Judge* may bee a *Cobler*, a
Cobler may bee a *Judge*. As for mee, 'tis true I have born a *Sting*; which
 made a *Knave* call me *St Thomas Slingsby*; but I made the *Slingsbies*
 shorter for it by one, and that one shorter by the Head; and had
 done as much for young *Mordant*, but that (having drank *White-wine*
 that

that morning) I slept forth to the Wall, and before I could return, *Mordant* was quit. Thus the Life of Man is but a pissing while. But what if I have born a *Sling*? did not *David* so too? the difference is, Hee laid by his *Sword* and took up a *Sling*, and I layd by my *Sling* and took up a *Sword*. Kings, Lords and Gentlemen take money for their Land; others sow it and sell the Corn to us; wee advance it to good Beer and Ale, and then sell the Drink to those Kings, Lords and Gentlemen; and thus the Cup goes round. They sell for mony, and Wee sell for mony; and if a *Shilling* had a *Tongue* as well as a *Face*, it would say, Sir, I am but twelve pence whether you meet mee in the *Brewhouse* or in the *Exchequer*. 'Tis true, there are divers sorts of *Shillings*: some are *Brass*; impudent Rogues, who when discovered are nayld to a Post: some are *Lead*, heavy, dull Beasts that will not goe: others are right Metall but *clipt*, poor *decimated* things that would goe and cannot. But *Bra* is *Br* is, and *Silver* is *Silver* at Court and at *Pye-corner*. I was as warm in my *Leather Jacket* as in my *Scarlet Cloak*. 'Tis strange what an eye sore that *cloak* was to some, as if the Garment it self could *sting*; in deed wee had a man that us'd to hang his Cloke in my *Brew-house* (as Country folk hang *Wooll* over pales of Water to make it *weight*;) and so though not Hee, yet his *Cloak* was a *Drunkard*. But *Cloake* or *Jacket* I was the same man: I never deny'd, but still kept my Trade, (and if others had done so, a hundred thousand Lives had bin sav'd) at last I got to be *Brewer* to the *Navy*; and if each man had drank like the *Whale* at *Greenwich* I could have fill'd them all: for I had three *Brew-houses*, one at *London*, another at *Kingston*, and a third at *Edenburgh*. And why not I have three *Brew-houses* as well as *Assembly-men* three *Benefices*? they were my *Livelihood* as theirs were their *Living*s. One of those fellows at *Margarets Westminster* (who had four *Preferments* given him by the *State*) would needs teach us how to live by a Word: You'll ask (said he) what Word is that? 'tis *Faith*, get *Faith* and I'll undertake you may live *Gentleman like*: but that *Rascall* brake his own word with me, and dyed Twelve pound in my debt. I grant he was first that told me my *Surname* came from a King of *Rome*, call'd (as I remember) *Iurquinus Suparbus*: there were seven of those Kings; but they are long since dead, and thence men call me one of the seven deadly *sinnes*, they may as well call me one of the seven *Wise-men*, or one of the seven *Planets* or seven *Wonders of the World*. But if we credit such as Hee, 'tis a very hard thing not to be a *King*. They'll prove (if you'll pay them) that *Rhombus* and *Remus* that founded *Rome* were of *English* extraction; (I know not whether we had the same Mother, but 'tis said many of us had the same Nurse.) But I never car'd

can'd three pence for their Praise; therefore I pray ye vex not my Corps
with a huge Monument, which cannot protect itself, nor me; and ma-
ny a man's Bones had slept in quiet if his prating Tomb had not told
where he lay. And trouble no my Ghost with any of their *Elegies*,
Latin or *English*; they make a man but laugh at, and are not worth
a handfull of Graines. I do not mean Mr *George Withers*, for He
got the *Statute Office* by Rimming: he hath now sold that Office, but
when will he sell his Verles? a *Statute* lyes upon them so as no body
will buy them. 'Tis not a Month since one of the *State's* Poets brought
me an *Anagram* for me and my Wife: but I hear those *Anagram-
mers* should be all fetcht into a Court of *Wards*, for although they
have not Wit enough for *Lunatics*, they are dull enough for *Idlers*.
But now they'll all at me: what a heap of paltry *Quibbles* and *Clenches*
will they throw upon me? you'll hear them cry, *Now Pride hath a
fall,---- Now there are but six deadly finnes.---- O, Sir, are you there
with your Beares?* They but saw me stand, holding my Crab-tree cud-
gell upright, and they cry'd, *Lo, there's the Bear and the ragged staff!*
How have they dragg'd my poor Name, & tenn'd back from P to B to
make me boyn in *Bride's Church* Porch? 'tis taste and Non-sence to
call me BR DE, though my Wife was so when I led her to Church.
I know they'll tell you of my Letter to a Friend, where (instead of my
best Beer) I wrote that I had lent my best Bear. But all Letters & Books
are false; there's none of them honest except the Bible. I have an *A-
bridgement* of an *English Chronicle*, which drowns the Duke of *Clare-
nce* in a *Rynale* of *Malmsey* (the Duke might as soon be drown'd
in a *Thimble*;) but perhaps 'tis a whole *Tom* in the *Chronicle*, for my
book is but a *Pistome*. Hang Names and Words: *Greek* and *Latin* will
not make an honest man; and a man may speak Truth without true
spelling. I remember when I dined with the *Florida* Ambassadour at
Alderman Nowel's, where we had *Florence* wings, I told the Alder-
man that when that Ambassadour got home to his Countrey he might
send us more of that *Florida* wine: They all smil'd; but what car'd I?
'twere not two pence to me if *Florida* were in *Italy*, and *Florence* in the
Indies: they should remember I was a *Brewer*, not a *Vintner*. But I am
posting thither where there are no *Quibbles*; though I fear (in the weak
condition I am now) I my self have bin forc'd upon many: for Dy-
ing men talk idly; and he that is sick and talks much, can hardly escape
from *Quibbles* or *Non-sence*. And I hope you'll pardon my batt-
ing your Patience so long with the *Beares*: consider it was the great
Action of my Life, and the onely thing (in the opinion of many) that
would lye upon my Conscience. I confesse I thought the Lease of my
Life

Life had not bin expired; there is Breath enough in the world, but I must have no more of it. For Death, Death is the grand *Malignant*; and a *Malignant Fever* is his *Lieutenant Generall*, and (which is worse) this *New Disease* is his *Major General*, a Disease which sweeps through all Counties of *England*. And though the Weekly *Bills of Mortality* know not us who dy in the Countrey; yet tis my comfort I dye here in my own House at *Non-such*. 'Twas the *Kings House*, and Queen *Elizabeth* lov'd this above all her Houses; and some say my wife looks like that Queen, though the old Earl of *Manchester* was said to look like Her; (That *Queen* might look like whom she pleased, for She by *Proclamation* forbid any to draw her *Pictures*;) but I would not have my Wife like both *Her* and *Him*, and to make her a *Mapbrodite*. She hath brought me divers Sons; and I leave them good Estates: (I hope I do) and would gladly leave a good name to keep them company. The very *Malignants* say my Sons are civil persons: But should I live a thousand yeares they would not say so of me: I think 'twould not trouble them to see me renew acquaintance with my *Sling*. But how many know yee, that (raised like me to Power and Command) have willingly returned to the place from whence they came? They talk indeed of a *Roman* Generall who came from the Plough (*Dick Tator* I think they call him) who having beat the Enemy went home to the Countrey, rich and renowned for a very wise man; And they say if that pitifull pilchard *Massanello* (who had a hundred thousand at his pleasure) had left his command, hee had not been rewarded with a musquet bullet, but had been honoured with a statue of Gold. 'Tis true the Queen of *Sweden*, though born a *Kings* Daughtre, resign'd her *Crown*, and vows shee never lived happy til now. But her *Successor* love's *Kingdoms* better then so, and will onely have as many as hee can get. Hee soon swallow'd *Poland*, and as soon disgorg'd it: and is now in *Danemark*, holding two Forts (with two hard names) which stand like our *Graves-end* and *Tilbury*: and had he strength to take Ours too, I think in my Conscience hee would make us all *Danes*. Hee has many Designs: but all my Design is onely to save my *Estate* and my *Soul*. Indeed heretofore I had some little Plotts, but they did not all take: I thought to make the same *Horses* serve both for my *Coach* and *Dray*, but I found my *Dray-horses* were too high shod, and I might as well have Harneiss'd the *Beares*. And yet I know what belongs to *Horses*: for I was the first brought *Horses* into *Paul's*: and those *Horses* brought Saddles, for a *Sadler* hath set up another *Exchange* there. I was told *Epsom* water might do mee good, but I durst not take it, having us'd the *Vicar* so very severely, lest that *Parish Priest* should unhallow the *Well*: and (to say truth) from my *Tooth*

I never used to drink Water. My *Youth* minds mee of the late
Earle of Pembroke: for when hee lay dying (as I do now) I went to
 visit him, and when they told him Colonel *Pride* was there (for then I
 was but Colonel) *who?* (said hee) *Pride?* *oh, a precious Youth!*
 But what had hee to do with my *Youth*? had I such strength and health
 as in my *Youth*, I would not change with any Lord in *England*. I now
 die a *Lord*, and had I live as long as that *Earle* I might have been an
 Earle as well as hee. And he first of all the new Lords, whereby you'll
 see whether our *Sonne* succeed us in the *Peerage*. I would have no
Barons Warr: though I fear a world of Doubts will be rais'd about the
Other House. They'll put it to the question Whether our *House* bee
 within the *Assize* against new *Buildings*? and (if within the *Act*) Whe-
 ther as built upon a new foundation, or because 'tis a *Cottage*? Then (af-
 ter the Foundation) have all the Roof; Whether it be *Tyld* or *Tbatches*,
 (I do not mean by *Wax Tyld* or *Jack-Straw*) Whether it bee the *Vpper*
House or a *Garret*, where old *Shoes*, old *Casks*, & such Lumber is plac'd?
 Whether this *High Court* bee a *Court of Warr*, where none fit but *Offi-*
cers with a hundred such questions too many for a Dying man to re-
 member. And truly myself have been much puzzled with this *Other*
House for the *Commons* and our *House* & ours is the *other*: & *ours* is one
House & the *Commons* is the *other*: & who can distinguish between them?
 The *other* is the *other* and my *Brewhouse*, hee look if I mean to *Dunk*
and No, say *but it is my other House*, then goes he to *Kingston*: when he re-
 turns I send him to my *other House*, then goes hee to *London*: and when
 he comes back I bid him he go to *Kingston* or *London*, but to the *other*
House, and then must hee march to *Edenburgh*. Thus a man must run
 through two Nations ere he can finde this *other House*: for *this* is the
other, and *that* is the *other*, and all are the *other House*: though sure our
House of Peers is such as there cannot be such an *other House*. I hope
 'tis no offence in me to compare the *House of Lords* to a *Brewhouse*:
 for I am of both *House*: I know how men are at work in both, & what
 great Heats are often in both, & how in both they all work for one man,
 yet every man for himself: with twenty more things wherein the *two*
Houses agree. The difference is, that we took the *Engagement* against a
House of Lords, but not against a *Brewhouse*. But that was meant of
 the old *House of Peers*, not the new: and a new *House* is worth two old
 ones, for the *Stare* hath a whole years Rent of a new *House* if it stand
 within ten miles of *London*. But alas (my good Friends) I am now going
 to the *lower House*, whither we all must go sooner or later and the best &
 greatest Lord of us all had rather go to the *other House* than to the *other*
World: for no *Brewhouse* is there, but a great hot *Oven* that will never
 be cold. Therefore take heed, for as we *Brew*, so must we *Bake*.